The False-hearted GLOVER;

OR,

Fool and Knave well Fitted.

To the Tune of, *Lilli Burlero.* Licensed according to Order.

Pray now attend and listen a while,
to a right new and Jocular Song;
Which I declare, will cause you to smile,
if that I am not much in the wrong:
It is of a bonny Glover,
I, and his Name I tell ye is John;
He Courted young Mary, who was brisk and airy,
but Marry'd at length with Foggy-ars'd Nan.

While he did Court his amorous Love,
what Protestations then did he make!
Vowing his mind should never remove,
no, he could freely Dye for her sake:
Thus alas! the was deluded,
I, and he prov'd a perfect Craypan,
When leaving young Mary, who was brisk and airy,
to Marry at length with Foggy-ars'd Nan.

Morning and Night to Mary he'd go,
swearing he lov'd her dearer than life;
Thus he the height of kindness did show,
as if he meant to make her his Wife:
Till at length he did deceive her,
like a deceitful false-hearted Man;
Yet faith he is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
because he hath taken Foggy-ars'd Nan.

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Yet faith he is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
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Mary she said, it would be his Lot,
to Marry Nan, in Love to combine;
But he declar'd an Earthen Pis-pot,
he would despise for Silver more fine:
Thus he often did compare her,
like a deceitful flattering Man;
Good faith he is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
because he hath taken Foggy-ars'd Nan.

Forty good pounds in Silver and Gold,
with his Love Mary he might have had,
Which was a pleasant sight to behold,
was he not then Distracted and Mad?
Thus to leave her for another,
who is in Debt as much as she can;
The Clever is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
now let him make much of Foggy-ars'd Nan.

Now she has got him fast in a Nooze,
where he till Death a Slave must remain;
He for the World now cannot get loose,
but must endure the torture and pain:
Some says that she will Cornute him,
tho' he does watch as much as he can:
E'faith he is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
he knows that it is the Humours of Nan.

Upon a day it happened so,
that a right brisk young Gallant was there;
Into the Room Pill-Garlick did go,
but to Affront them he did not dare:
For a while he did stand peeping,
like to a poor disconsolate Man:
E'faith he is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
as knowing it is the Humours of Nan.

What if we find the Fates have decreed,
that he should be a Cuckold by course;
And Mary she would not do the Deed,
then lusty Nan she must upon force,
Give the honest Spark his Fortune,
for she alone is able, and can;
E'faith he is fitted, and not to be pitty'd,
as knowing it is the Humour of Nan.

FINIS.

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